

EXHIBIT A

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

_____ x

IN THE MATTER OF AN APPLICATION

TO BRING PERSONAL ELECTRONIC DEVICE(S) OR
GENERAL PURPOSE COMPUTING DEVICE(S) INTO
THE COURTHOUSES OF THE
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK FOR
USE IN A PROCEEDING OR TRIAL

_____ x

The following Order is subject to the definitions, obligations and restrictions imposed pursuant to Standing Order M10-468, as Revised. Upon submission of written application to this Court, it is hereby

ORDERED that the following attorney(s) are authorized to bring the Personal Electronic Device(s) and/or the General Purpose Computing Device(s) (collectively, "Devices") listed below into the Courthouse for use in a proceeding or trial in the action captioned:

ORDERED that for the device(s) checked below SDNY Courtroom WI-FI access shall be provided.

The date(s) for which such authorization is provided is (are) All Scheduled Hearings and Jury Trial.

Attorney	E-Mail	Device(s)	Courtroom	WIFI Granted
		Personal Electronic Device and General Purpose Computing Device		
		Personal Electronic Device and General Purpose Computing Device		

(Attach Extra Sheet If Needed)

The attorney(s) identified in this Order must present a copy of this Order when entering the Courthouse. Bringing any authorized Device(s) into the Courthouse or its Environs constitutes a certification by the attorney that he or she will comply in all respects with the restrictions and obligations set forth in Standing Order M10-468, as Revised.

SO ORDERED:

Dated: _____

_____ United States Judge

Cover image of Natalie Wood
Anonymous
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Spark

it's embedded in the distance between you and i
rewind one day let feet loose behind gloss of eyes
where we rose once more to dream pages fell like
seduced clothes like blood-drawn merlot dripping
from the tops of blackened trees blue eyes of god
dear lonesome-fingered dribbling ball through
the abandoned building's devastated hallway
hold back my hand mathilda i have no idea
in the slit space that lucifer left

Dissipate

waiting the longing the bouncers of you
waiting on ahhs or crucifixion diction
being chaplin in each armpit

smoking a cigarette with predestination
and turned somewhere her focus on faces
is like headlights' sleep deprivation

like a violence her mystical doom buggy
scurries out of secrets most important
is bodies some ketchup in yr need

The Butterfly Collector

totally lethargic silhouettes of communication
celebrated beehive blaring going gone open like bed
be fucking alarmed draw bridges of my otherwise self
drugs fall from american clouds over belgium like candy
it's a parade get trying you scrawny lines and drink
fine minutes to reevaluate party i felt a dark night
in her pocket she's saving kaleidoscope for a rainy day
to deluxe down the quiet street i'm cosmic champagne
enters the etcetera have good make-out repeatedly
appreciate my voice really lonely shape conversation
ought we talk with sometimes the afterglow of heroin
she's death-defying the jitteriness mirror is a movie
substitute the blood for ketchup buckle your hearing
like a truant does with true daring life is a butterfly
my hands just grown two words and tiny poem lips too
that cursive factory muffins and moves stars the first
wasn't stuck on my weekends on top slide up very happy
she and a wilderness for the stairs like waves
soulmate throws a sensitive jungle at our keepers

Vault

spoon-feed the sunday papers
more than fooled me and you
in the eyeballs friday high

slept book wanting is numbed
to indigo what does you must
understand that feeling is wound

I Swear

i am writing down numbers
there's a look in your eyes
that screams *moscow, bitches!*

you've pinned god to the ottoman
like a crushed mosquito elsewhere
munching moon the kids play dominoes quietly

pretend to give a fuck i dare you
i swear once i published in this literary quarterly
and start to hold my breath and think virgin again

dear brethren and sistren infatuated with irony
i swear the depth of this bread goes on forever
while a good portion of the world is starving

the balls of this poem are sagging south
i've stopped making plans expecting her call
i can't sit through movies at all anymore

Eucharistic

congregate like the washington monument
bright hydrants shapes of being awake
recurring still supplied memory we'll hook
up thoughts dispensing fleshes steadily
like yellow lips decompressing a map
hard twists of night radically lilt
to know long returns clad in black robes
by an absence like a lifer'd found the egg

Aftermath

threatening
the cards with pictures
of our smiles pasted on
slide across the table
single file

my inability to anchor
makes everything go wrong
it's not how old i am
it's how old i feel
gone to numb
be back in an hour

the hospital of all our tears
is cranked up with silly gas
is vomiting potatoes and jello
is under the shocked glow of electrocuted lights

i can't make any promises
i can't make it to a meeting
they don't want me on the premises
all that i *can* seem to do
is write some stupid manifesto
that i hope someone someday'll read

we're communicating by sign language now
the house is very quiet in a foreign tongue
my language won't let me take exile anywhere
it's best to keep quiet don't wake the place
that preface that wouldn't have us to begin with

Dance Of Days

upset umbilical cord
dear stranger untangle
yrslef true from
shadowy companions
face it is too accurate
it is too strange to feel
hording hours and dance
keeping the booty hidden
dare light a match
with trembling hand
my senses've slapped me silly
so many times when i
do this private alphabet
or that way it's guarding my night
it's kept itself
obliterated tenant
disregarding my evictions
my transparent foreskin
gardening in foreign soil
those left behinds are seed
drooping heads someday soon
like cigarette *but's*
say *whatever*
just keep an eye on
take care

Anxiety

trace your jonesin' to the house
we'd camped in all winter
virgin mothers crowding the quarters
extreme prediction to *i don't know*
the boredom you've felt is all a dream
i should know i've visited twice and plan
to go back next year for a vacation with
the whole fam convenience store sore eyes
haunt my bespectacled life exquisite salivating
an ivory whirlpool *pardon me* the film blurts
of course it's styrofoam the leopard's eyes
are made of and of course you can pet it
it was you vs. the city your left hook
spun the streets like a fiend's eyes
aimed at cornered world settles in a candle
for your mouth to shove through
the inky tentacled nettles of dark
we are made of what the stars shot back

Allure

transparent mattresses gray clouds
stars of sad reunions
sad centers of nectar
frigid with ground below
the spinal cord of
is rotating hum
is splintering
wooden halo
beneath the weight
taken in installments
anything is moon
wear it
whether pills or
metallic sacrament
saharan depressions
the days' dials pursue
robes flowing behind
profound obsessions
stringed instruments
purpose is problem
she'd kicked her habit
i'll admit
that i was hesitant
infested persistent
a leg up her skirt
is motivation
lurking around
the telephone booth
with its sincerest face on
my legs would not and still
last night
the rosary between her knees
her face from east to west
like an echo between poles
it was emotionally close captioned
it read like telepathy as it
struggled from shoulder to shoulder

Goodness

she looked so real
i couldn't bring myself
to hold her muster up
the sky is funeral blue
as anxious earth unrolls
before and behind you
a glued face to a window
is where goddess
refuses intervention
a glued face to a window
is a face instead of you
unsteady on glossy feet
the city's recycled son
packing an unheard-of heat
in his tight jeans levi's
two neon virgin marys
flashing in his scrambled eyes
or remember when norfordville we'd went
to do when you'd thrown away important
that day way back in her ageless beauty
the clouds pissed all of this passionate intensity

C U Later

soft voices
like splintering haloes
make moon wear it as habit

speak because sadness
grows the most
like your name

i've gone leaving
my evening sun
'til morning

last night
going like you this way
sad and still recalling

oh the morning
send a ghost please
with a cellphone

i text that *it's ok*
i text *taste this way*
i text *c u later*

South

the milk is drunken by death as well
builds strong bones that last an eternity

shrunken under this i refuse to believe
what you'd never let me bejewelled lobster

incredible the time her with her big mouth
and now her with her incredible soul stun

tonight i'm keyholing because i want to dream
i want to eat ice cream fuck my face with vanilla

tomorrow i'll get lost in mathilda's clocks arms
half-naked to forget this mess this single file of bull

10:15 saturday night

struggled up from sleep
from the glow that fires her fingers
sweet consequential sweat aloof
like lonesome in snow globe

thought that if i'd told
or if you'd stayed still
long enough if being anyone
is being everywhere else but

you've shrouded yrself in silence
excused myself from room to smoke
distracted bored long drags tilted
to find her something in my stacks

Catholicism

guilty pleasures twist their faces
it's night alone technicolor elves mirror eyes in corners
angles maneuvers shapes a girl who hacked your myspace
elude the tetrahedron distance self from the swerving clouds
the promise of paradise now reflected in the solar billboards
your etiquette and your large portions your exploding humility
you're keeping your options open contrary to promises
you're working in the mine just like the last husband
who'd lost his self swallowed up by the corridor's dark percolator
it was another language called outerspace it was the twilight zone
in wisconsin and we model before the moon our melancholy rags
like we're illegal taken up residence in a hostel her face
her lips the words were falling to the world incriminating
watch the chimneys pipe up *out of our way* static static
i never turned the radio on it must've been from on high

semi-cynical friend

particulars i didn't want him in on
she did for whatever this room's far
too too short rocks a *why*
dinging to staring at the ceiling

i feel uncomfortable you didn't have to end

that stray explanation was never delivered
her family was against couldn't digest it
i wanted to interrupt *keep them necessary*
keep them plucked bankrupt guitar string

i wonder what she does alone there at night

everyone thinks that daydreamy stillness is most radical
my trajectory included under the hardcore night and
its breakable bulbs it drags from some source and drags
and it keeps dragging my semi-cynical friend

Empowered

she's empowered by a multi-faceted attraction
like her food subtitled when she's gone out to eat or at home
her tubular hosts were very gracious this communion around

Stereo System

beneath the documents you'll not find me
i will be too small for sight to run around me
my inner consumer glows like radioactive light
i am inoffensive i am polite
be one with my stereo system

lonely-limbedinthesmokingdarklikearun-onsentence

the mushroom clouds in the way she walked that night
turned heads i was very amused chewing cuticles
the triple-head of the moon was flaring outside
taken by the window we see it like sand

don't go into medusa's VIP room
the wallpaper's peeling falling's the ceiling
i get triangled each time that i skip the cd
climb back to my anxious tower
lonely-limbedinthesmokingdarklikearun-onsentence

BC

lost in the raging sound
a face is splintered
through the club
and its web of smoke
all eyes die here
at their feet the ladies
shiny north pole they swirl
to stun the masses stupid
at the edge of the world
reneee especially
i walk through you
your legs suit me
where i wish to move
through your eyes
offer a bouquet
to shadows
to love

Stress

forget cloud forget sky is undressing us
hands on table keeping company keeping contours
a procession of narcotic hours that follow
a residual haze clouds our sight that follows
the laser pointer slashing across the horizon
tomorrow's too much in denial of today won't let
lines on maps gums numb dumbest look on my face
surrounded by incomprehensible winds of near-spring
yes you i forget how many times you've had to let go
that you've had to resign or collapse it like eyes to sleep

Latitudes and Longitudes

surely i'd pulled her back in worthy her hair like an oil spill
fall down around her eyes mathilda a net mathilda i'd let her stay
my house my play with my snakes once staked up from the carpet o
fire remember ours mathilda no photos left was bad were stolen
take this with a grain a grain of salt mathilda staked to stand
'til it's something much different like an inescapable planet
or a play skool crwth a flirty toothy smile sincerely yours mathilda
occupies face its latitudes and longitudes a cultural whipping
still recognize maybe accomplishments once rehab's done a trophy
and spring's run up hyper my accomplice mathilda my mathilda play
see her with snakes handle the accordion to get born to baptize by fire
i'll wash my hands in this forever to rid myself of this guilty sadness

Big Black Car

numbed to beautiful in indigo room glazed daisies or
three fleshes congregate like the washington monument
bright flashes specimens shocking eyes move like headlights
to the ceiling saturated with jack on fire taught bodies
in circles hollar fire hydrants ours are stars the flower
of our mouth an asterisk inverted kiss pretty the shapes
the most taboo the shapes the smoke the shapes outsided

Issa

rhythmic waves of pink
i'm thinking
find me behind
the walls
i'm wrapping
my mind around
say it's majestic
baby say it's majestic
say it's pure
the anaesthetic
to life's many complexities
strange hypnotic projector

Slowdive

slept against it was merely imagined
two faces merge sweetly in the happening
hard twists of night radically feeling

desperate attraction i've opened
a book on my lap *sacrilegious excretions*
the lamp's glow is wound it bleeds the room

haunted by like secrets is wanting
is knowing is like thoughts dispensing candy
is resurrection radio telepathic transformation

most important is to know who you are

Anais

the streets were on my eyes
i've lived her all of my life
is chased is being called haunted

thrust witness employee of the profound
such life's recycling icicles selling souls
that night i'd met you i was really down

Joan

the fool on the water or hidden purity
connected somehow triple-hipped divinity
recurring still we'll hook up in the ether
at least has it occurred to you peripherally
multi-faceted wonderbodies her eyeballs
are deities out there somewhere her focus
fingernails pretty kissings and otherworldly
her facings and her goings scantily clad
waiting on cab the trees so high that night
on stilted legs windless with unknown pleasures
we've become three that none other can name

Synonymous

the broken hills in her one day tall as statue shocking eyes
there i fell in american silence at the deaths we've done
i feel like saying it's never over the thoughts nettled
the thoughts that snake through the city like spies
the thoughts that have settled and through her

architecture conspiratorial spires hers where she went
how she came about the windows in our eyes rolled down
to squeeze the breeze and colors between scandalous shutters
haunted a thousand words ghosted white under long heels

seen in the entries and exits revelatory
felt passionate afters longing for approval
is sincerity to offer up on shoulder
what's true is there's torrential anticipation

Astral Plane

i held her against me like moon it was the pavement
and prevalent streetlights that made her uneasy
her ascetic's face shining like a digital camera

guitar strings plucked each in a slow procession
images of her face projected saintly stained
the room crazy playing *astral plane*

All Eyes

for Melissa

shaken with all of this we have eyes
to see ahead of us no one comes to set up
always she opened the mirror very quietly
like fate the flowers continue on throughout the day

always always remember pure unsupervised stares
our breaths that other lovers view on a screen unfurl
behold the many marvels of darkness
in front of in the face of very near

After

Is that under crusts, which burst willing, to the benefit of a close once. Have our hands never to consume, the things meantime, it is concerned, is concerned. Human hanker after only once: Acquire a word, pure, they own older, according to the period of existence.

Between O, much of this, and us and keep forever unspeakable. Bring it yes but yellow insists, that in advance the hammer is our hearts, to be speechless in the valley of small waves. all of the heavy, say the same things as the experience, doing without and, avoiding fate, not ourselves, seems not cover. Wow, the stars, are here perhaps.

Here is the tongue between smiles: Do not say: house, bridges, wells, future...

So the pain. So O what remains. Everything other, exercise of the heart, a handful of unspeakable -ists.

Stock

behind endless tilting unspeakable sums rich in this hibernating
spread out the infinite ground added under smudged in cheerfully
here this has become becoming whose condition is growth growing
storeroom full of winters is vague depending on how you figure it
either completely farewell forward or crawl back into your heartfelt

Threatened

i am by myself i'll admit my wounds
i am not a house i am not on strike
what should i do should i live all mouth
when you threaten to remove my night my day

Mister Voyeur

a staggering stranger falls from the triangle of yr eye - the moon's cuticles bitten at by wolves - the vegetable of yr song increases when the flash is on - tantalizing tremolo tangerine why must you move me so - if she's a plane i'm on it don't bother waking me from my innocent slumber i dream of juggling three moons like grins in catholic school - indecent little rebel wipe the beat off of yr noise - meanwhile i'm sprawled out on the ottoman pointing at the ceiling little words roll 'cross like "desperation" - pardon my absolute privilege i answer to no one nowadays i'm texting - it sounds like something sexual when the motor hums - good heavens the village's been taken over by giant glacial insects - cloud above i'm not sure that i can say that to yr face

Mangina

my mangina is the screw
by which you thread
your not so secret nights

don't bother my beer
i'm drinking

Anyone

a song sung *will you take me there* your eyes lowered - i was shoveling up the look on my face whilst the carrots danced in the moon's silky panties - the tv nodded *yes* then *no* its double chin bowling - the anchor man gave us dirty looks when we'd turned to each other - *tits* and *kodak* and *bowties* were the first words come to mind adjusting monocle in her rearview mirror - you were laughing so hard that your tears were blue flying saucers that tattooed yr arms and neck - little bird it is lonely feeling like the only one in the room - how many have sat across from you?

Eventually

the other side of the room is lonely - you're flaunting hours with wads of bills each fisted - there is a carnation in the middle of all that green - my mouth's burning *the sun was especially bright today i'd say* - the chill of the picture window is overwhelming the world seems powder blue - in my chambers all night thinking insomnia's what's happenin' smoke eased out of lips into a daisy glaze - when i stood there surrounded by all the cold hands on the 4am big black car feeling nothing whatsoever like i'm disastrously hungover but i ain't been drinking nothing - when one turns into five give me a buzz on my submarine line - if you turn to page 25 of your really rad oh so cool comic book you'll find the answer to your question - thought bubbles become effortless after practicing daily six months or more on the tips of your toes - i'd rather rent another porno than endure the 45 minutes left of this one - *you pest you know nothing of time* the elderly woman shouted on the cover of a tabloid - smoking a menthol like an alpine breeze and swaying from feeling alright to not so well

A Rap for Andre Breton

the shipwreck of the hair follicles of the sun as sung by the phoenix fox choir of spastic city elastic - turntables like elephant trunks you wish them to be still so - horseback rode a circle and there you were at the city's limit - she turned her hand just so when the trees appeared like curious heads at a poker game - she was absolutely red bobbing head watching the follies on the wall - her boyfriend's got a sexual projector he plays these video things we all watch amused biting our cuticles - somewhere a lonesome pitiful man that it's convenient not to recall is turning over trashcans reeking whiskey trying to recapture a blue obnoxious and jealousy note that got lost somehow with mustache on - *what is glamorous* was said montgomery clift as he fell from our television set - she'd poured us both a dixie cup of milk from the head of a lemur now so her torrential pep talk *broadcast to your little burgundy soul's bootielicious content please but don't get swallowed up this industry will laugh hysterically as it slaughters your testicles in the piano keys of infinity*

Kizza Me

the problem is i'm smitten - when you're out next catch a movie huh? - pore feelings find out exactly i'm disorganized - i need what happens like a cancer - there i've said it i hope that you're happy - the tongue all up in insistence like it's going out of style whispers whiskey exhaust where are we? - love always is like wow she scores eternity's gears so pretty - must be uh um hips like religious sacraments - monogamy y'dig? - when you've figured out what it's all about write me a long nasty letter full of naughty details okay baby?

Stroke it Noel

a hand beauty you a napkin with ink - let's pause just drop the something happens if you wanna dance or maybe escape false alarms with two monks beamed here from holographic isles - smiles are purging special money baby - she's miss america swan-like she's went from one decade to the next effortlessly - what exactly? - what is it vacuumed up the little i thought i could feel?

Loony

i am sitting in the same place i was waiting was ten million years ago just didn't know you then the way that i do now - set your controls to dub paranoia's twin suns are setting upon her golden age like hyenas in an abandoned swimming pool *just look at the time!* - never called is like an infection every time that i picture us pseudonymously fucking straight at me like *my hands are illusions that what have you felt for eons is touching on predestination whose chain-smoking is loony* - when you mix pomegranate with pornographic why what you get is an uber-bizarre casserole that is one part shitty and two parts edible

Excuses

monogamy naughty details okay baby? - wanna dance or maybe escape intangibles? - back then i looked same as i do now in an abandoned swimming pool as simple as spit - catch a movie huh? - i hope that you're as happy as love always is like y'dig - when you've figured out the two monks beamed here from afar set your controls to olympic-sized disorganization and crank the king tubby - the tongue all up in wow she scores what exactly? - what exactly is waiting ten million years ago every time i want you to know?

A Limited Supply

problem is i need what happens like insistence like it's running out of pretty that i want to love - must be uh um a long nasty letter full of something happens - take one of these is for if you didn't know you then - we're lost in that picture hangs on the wall of us chain-smoking like hyenas

Iceland

Listen to one word more of mind and brain that proposes that the winter's fires are drunk away on the whole of the brain is impossible, unparallel, and inconsolable as far as body goes or, with inherited tendencies; or, is soonest fled else the bells toll. The don't, I beg you, is a soap bubble, whose spherical shape is not defined by charity, or a divine formula, but rather it emerges spontaneously by who for such scraps stakes his own life acting at all points in the spend it fast simultaneously. It's not a game of Operation or Idiot, where every computation is broken down into when slowly we breathe it out. The ash is separated refers to the form-forming capability of dreamy literature, particularly with respect to the visual recognition of some cigar-shaped things you've seen hordes of lines and curves spiraling out from the hive.

*

The arbitrariness of lovely in the cancel zone is seen especially when make sure the black light is on: Is what hand over hands finds actually real? Dearest, are we to speak of the reality of crossword eyes? For rabid intuition, the colorfulness and the swirling through the room are the reality; Ejaculate, it is the flow of self, the duration, that dissolves the landing gear; Geography, stumble through the acts in which individual objects are meant without boundary as isolated units, with hard contours like his gray face rising in the mirror or a congregation of apartment buildings to dwell together in.

*

The arbitrariness of light reality of intuition, the brain that proposes fled dreamy cancel zone make sure speak swirling through the hard contours. The flow of self, rising in a congregation of the impossible seen hordes of out there. Ejaculate and room are isolated units, with gray drunk away hope to be a soonest you. For rabid the acts are meant without boundary of the brain inconsolable as defined by charity, or rather game where every computation is cigar-shaped things lines and curves. Dearest of the Landing Gear, face buildings hand over hands it is the duration that mirror winter's fires.

*

particularly with scraps in the breath

Dear Consumer

once there was track and field
blue lightnings quizzical smoking
in vacant lots of eyes

huff the fumes
the grass so green
all of us nowhere young

now it's sincerity spread thin
waiting for some skin trophy
something adequate merchandise

adjust yourself
standing tall back
to pyramid

Numb

i was trying to adjust the face ahead of me with little success - they were served large portions of meat-like product - when my eyes no longer served for me a refuge i escaped way up through the hills - two idiot kids are lounging around fucking up the atmosphere with their smokes - i meditating take big long drag off my cigarette - what are the tinier piano keys for? - i apologize that i've gone very far ahead of myself - the astronaut giggled as smoke ran through his vacuum hoses - spacey in the key of now can feel that drifting about directionless spinning peripherally - at the foot of the stairs someone quite mad was burning his manuscript - around the campfire that night we'd all admitted that we couldn't feel a thing

Wilderness

as fast as an elephant with big teeth - just blink and the room darkens - enormous objects on shelves too small to hold - i wandered through that garden once one night way back - my reflection was grotesque green stumbling through the forest's hanging vases

Inexplicable

expressway - heldhand tourists like clouds - i must confess that there's something that i need to tell you - past hotels with faded yellow windows flickering in and out - the sinuses full forced out a few - you must realize that this is difficult to translate - a murmur through bones travels - ribcage of stars swollen in the night sky - it is hard to fall hard - all over adjusting radio knobs - silos like erect nipples under the moon rolling fields of pubic fur - his spectacles were like two televisions fixed to his face imagining

Movie

a hum in seashell ears - what have you come here for exactly? - entries disturb and lights flash bright illuminating prisms of sweat - the flesh wiggles the flesh is malleable - heavy metal drumming psychotically at the back of the throat to say just what's pulsing in the seams of mind - couldn't predict this - trauma makes the world go 'round - birds' eyes are very small very miniature and disconcerting - in the back of her mind a quiet voice carved down to a hush drags her feet toward something unknown - know that days have passed - what can treatment do for me? - terminated eyes smile in the cold cold room because love might be - the pricks in the clouds above are purging - the sky above is pearly white - when you're out next weekend do you want to catch a movie? - something's slowing down - each follicle recognizes this and each pore

Scattered Pages

disordered breasts exposed to the sky. treble weather forecaster says is beautiful to. big shadows creep speakeasy. is beautiful like water as it falls. shadows increase the bass to speakeasy. combing pubic fur like so many diary scattered pages. combine each look like a creep or marquee. from station to station falls the weather forecaster says is beautiful weather. increase the breasts the pubic fur exposed to the sky like a marquee. is beautiful combing speakeasy which sends the noise like scattered pages.

Blowdryer

finders. keepers. losers. weepers. fist in mouth again. the shopping bag's in the mirror sad. it rains. paralytic song on the radio. i'm a warrior. where's the pyramid thing? the blowdryer? the signal? umbrella overhead everyone's playing cards in america. whistled a sad song on the radio. the paralytic's shopping bag. finders. keepers. weeper's fist in the mirror playing pyramid again. the radio rains whistle on america. clouds away. the sad blowdryer overhead.

Little Giggles Open Like Books

just lay down now. i am here. affordably american belt buckle thursday evening 9pm illinois. she's went. lay now. trembling egg sockets. pull cigarette from pack from pocket the wind instead. the wind instead of it's outside. she's parked her car in the look in her eyes. she's already there back to heineken bottle big green glass shards. american living room 9pm body odor affordably. sober. again. american using one year ago. lent abstraction she arrived then. just okay. distracted poem from dining room to bed. anything. miss. pots and pans. little giggles open like books to real again.

Spiritosexual

shy about the crimes in my lines and the croons in my tunes - have been spending winter withered in
ski mask anticipating spinning springs - in the back of the church she's praying crucifix twixt breasts
pendulous and unnerving - breath check the how much you been drinking - unswerving this belief in
psychosomatic exploration of spiritosexual texts - what's next?

Botox

baby check my breath - there's somewhere a box spring mattress for us - swaying on pills young and horny under the calcified thighs of electric lights - outside the pines are restless clawing at their pants - paint a pretty picture - what will this do for us if we invest in it? - dj vegas verlaine is spinning wax in the back of my mind candleeyed - scandalous remember when no one wanted to take her home and she cried because she wants to be wanted

Solitary Charm

sway in on vines streetangled relevant elaborate like dylan disguised and why? - elephants cascade the street with giant hooves - once gin and tonic television screen on birthed my red alert verses - pulsating head out downtown bobbing cigarette dangling dirty jeans soulheld recitation step by step - brother daydream and sister psychic carnation hear ye hear this llama man stray with dig pocket change

Pastels

she's screwed with and eluded you roach clip pinned to necktie - botox these lips that i might speak every word that you're entitled to - somebody send a tissue what's a young man to do? - threw some bitter batter in that only intensified this solitary matter - this scandalous palace is a blue duplex that every daisy croons - first is best and i'm getting undressed to impress? - down for the count under a stoned-ed ceiling swirling above me - guess me please i'm a mutant guerilla i'm a zen master i'm an armadillo i'm sealed over 'cuz it's what impulses wanted

Celebration

everyone says i'm looking better healthy this time
and there i sit dimly crazed peripherals of color'd spiraling tassels
and dumb politics having shit fit about and he'd read it in the paper
so it must be real so he said it like it was the last supper and
neither tim nor i could believe setting his phone to vibrate
the colors in each camera exalt intersect in mid-air doubt
and marie's smiling baby on knee who'll never know the kremlin
and word's pass adrift like a bobbing tire on rope on water
and the ashtray crucifix steaming under black coffee
and my brother claustrophobic in the kitchen grinning
like jesus or something or everyone else can
go and fuck themselves
when it's getting later
i should be sleeping
i should've eaten
there are canes at walgreens
and wigs
some brightly colored
many many wigs

